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Clive Barker's
**NIGHT
BREED**



OBI

Clive Barker
NIGHT BREED

A NEW MIDIAN
PART TWO:
HERE BE
MONSTERS!?

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(except Diane Rivers — Asst. VP Subscriptions)

Things That Go Bump in the Night

(continued from A1)

ground city shows a civilization flourished here. The remains of a mural suggesting the Nightbreed and the Human race come from the same ancestors is clearly visible.

Can it really be, that for centuries the legends of the night time have survived in this desolate place? Or was it simply a strange society, as men claim, who dressed in bizarre costumes and masks? Perhaps they were a lost tribe of natural freaks produced by inbreeding.

The explanations are plausible and more importantly, comforting. We live in a nation that shuns or ridicules the monstrous in the daylight; that fears and seeks to destroy it in the night. Although our literature and films speak of monsters, it is the monstrous human who survive to the sequel. Freddy, Jason, Dracula, the werewolf, even the Frankenstein monster; are all essentially transformed humanity. These monsters from birth, whose physical aspect seem to preclude the notions of goodness, generosity, love, friendship, family and nobility in their psyche are less popular. These creatures are assumed to be twisted souls in twisted bodies. They are be-

"I believe they exist, because I have seen them. I have met and talked with monsters."

yond redemption. Or they are regarded simply as animals. Fit only to be hunted and slaughtered. What then of our dreams and legends? What place did they come from, and what place have they in the waking world?

None.

We do not want them. They must be destroyed. But if they do exist, should we not



face them? Speak to them, understand them and learn from them.

But before I go further, I should say: I thought I was mad. But two doctors say I am sane. They and the irrefutable evidence convinced my editor to publish this story.

My car broke down two weeks ago near Dockville in the Rocky Mountains. I stumbled onto the camp of the Nightbreed. Their leader was Cabal. With him was the man-like Narcisse and the porcupine woman Shuna Sassi.

The Nightbreed spoke of their god Baphomet. They argued whether to kill and eat me or not. Cabal then knocked me out. The whole incident lasted no more than five minutes.

That's my story.



The Nightbreed did not arrive in a flying saucer. As far as I know they didn't perform strange experiments on me. They acted like a pack of hunted outlaws — which they probably are.

I have found stories that show a series of strange events since the destruction of Midian.

Based on my experience and the stories I have found I am convinced that these monsters exist. Some, but not all, may well have committed crimes including murder. They are out there and as long as we refuse to speak with them, we shall not learn from them. We shall continue to fear them and the flow of blood from both sides will continue.

This paper invites any member of the Nightbreed reading this to call us. Let us talk.

Let us bring you out of the darkness of our mutual fears and into the light.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN



height 5' 5"
weight 150 lb

age 25
eyes blue

WANTED!

DAVID "THE HACKSAW" GARY
This dangerous convict was arrested in May of 1989 for his blatant misconduct and flagrant violation of pedestrian traffic laws. David was tried and convicted for jay-walking and has a large list of prior convictions, including operation of a two wheeled vehicle without proper reflectors. This man is dangerous. If spotted do not approach.

just report the sighting.

CALL 555-DEAD



The Occult Visits a Cult

The sacrifice of an elected 'King or Queen of the Corn' to ensure a good harvest from the 'Earth Goddess' is a tradition brought with us from the old world. That such a practice should persist today, is partly a response to the helplessness many feel as the destruction of the eco-system continues unabated.

James Corrigan, currently held by police on charges ranging from pedophilia, fraud, drug dealing and embezzlement to murder, was the leader of the Gaia Now commune in California. Self-proclaimed High Priest of a New Age style religion, Corrigan insisted his followers live without "modern evils" such as running water and sanitation. The lifestyle of those not part of Corrigan's inner circle was frankly medieval.

Naturally, behind the doors of the High Priest's Sanctuary, Corrigan and various mistresses and the occasional male lover, indulged in most luxuries afforded by the modern world. The followers seem to have spent their time in a perpetual, drug induced, twilight world of agony.

The arrival of a group of Nightbreed was hailed by Corrigan as a proof of the favoritism by the 'Elder Gods'. Said cult member Michael Brown, "Corrigan," said the Nightbreed were

a sign the forces of Nature were sending armies of her creatures to fight mankind's destruction of our home, the planet earth.

How the tentacle headed leader of the group, Peloquin, came to be elected King of the Corn is unclear. It seems likely Corrigan realized the loyalty of his followers was moving towards someone more obviously connected with the Earth Goddess. Corrigan hoped to confuse Peloquin with drugs and alcohol, and the favors of his mistresses, before killing him.

Two other Nightbreed, Kinski, who is crescent-moon-faced, and Lude, who bears the horns of a demon: prevented the sacrifice. They also exposed Corrigan's corrupt leadership.

Deborah Gordon, former cult member, met the Nightbreed.

"This guy Kinski, he said something about choosing our saviors more carefully. Then he showed us what the rat Corrigan had been hiding from us. I mean, he had a jacuzzi and we had to wash in a sludgy stream. That Kinski was really cool, I'd follow him anywhere," she said.

Former cult member Diane Keating added: "Yeah, Corrigan wouldn't let us shampoo —

we had to use mud to wash our hair. Me, I wish Peloquin had stayed and been our leader — he was a really fun guy."

By the time police arrived at the commune all the Nightbreed had vanished.



Strange Occurrences: Truth or Fiction?

After the destruction of Midian, a series of strange events occurred all over the country.

— Towns near Shere Neck, Canada, suffered a spate of minor robberies. Several people were murdered and mutilated. Apparent cannibalism was evident.

— "Sneaky" Pete Logrann, alleged drug dealer, gave himself up to police. He begged for protection from "monsters."

— A diner and the Setab Motel were destroyed by a rig driven "monsters."

— Valley Forge Mall was destroyed. Eyewitnesses claim to have seen both monsters and the bones of a dinosaur, later identified as a specimen of *diplodocus*.

— Survivors of an expedition to Mexico claim to have encountered living incarnations of the old gods Tezcatlipoca and Ixpalatoc.

According to the Gator Gazette, an unidentified beast rose from the swamps of Greg's Gator World. It is said to have eaten Greg, his alligators and local teen Harvey Simpkins. Witnesses said the beast called itself Ismael.



Prickly Prostitute Linked to Murder

In Boston, Ma., during the last days of World War II, the body of Jonathan Potts was found in the garden of his mansion.

Well known for his liberal and humanist views, the motive for his murder remains a mystery. The chief suspect, Shuna Sassi, a woman known as 'The Porcupine Lady' was a prostitute at Rutt's Bordello. She was linked to the Senator's death by forensic evidence only. The Senator was poisoned by a number

of quills. These quills were also found in other victims, killed that night and were proven not to have originated in any known animal.

That the Senator often frequented Rutt's Bordello is a fact suppressed during the investigation. Rumors at the time hinted that Shuna Sassi's popularity was in part based on the nearness of death when in her embrace. The police reports concluded that the attack was without motive and could only have been performed by a deranged mind.

Money-making Manure

Bovine b.m. key to Arnolds tiddlywinks team fundraiser

by A.H. Newman

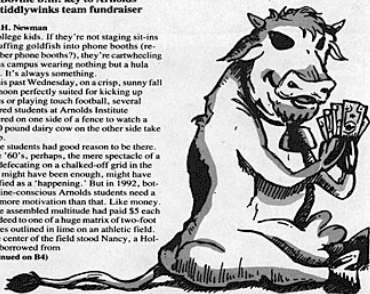
College kids. If they're not staging sit-ins or stuffing goldfish into phone booths (remember phone booths?), they're cartwheeling across campus wearing nothing but a hula hoop. It's always something.

This past Wednesday, on a crisp, sunny fall afternoon perfectly suited for kicking up leaves or playing touch football, several hundred students at Arnolds Institute gathered on one side of a fence to watch a 1,600 pound dairy cow on the other side take a crap.

The students had good reason to be there. In the '60's, perhaps, the mere spectacle of a cow defecating on a chalked-off grid in the grass might have been enough, might have qualified as a 'happening.' But in 1992, bottom-line-conscious Arnolds students need a little more motivation than that. Like money.

The assembled multitude had paid \$5 each for a deed to one of a huge matrix of two-foot squares outlined in time on an athletic field. In the center of the field stood Nancy, a Holstein borrowed from

(continued on B4)







"I'LL TELL YOU WHY
I KILLED A SENATOR."

"I HAD A DEAL WITH
THE MADAME OF
RITT'S BORDELLO.
I CHOSE MY CLIENTS."

"ONE NIGHT, I ACCEPTED
BIDS FROM A GANGSTER,
CARLO, AND THE
SENATOR, JONATHAN."

"CARLO BID MORE,
BUT I STILL TOOK
JONATHAN."



I BID MORE!

"I WAS YOUNG AND I DID IT
TO SPITE HIM -- HE WAS A
BULLY WHO'D HURT THE
OTHER GIRLS."



YOU! NOW
CAN I BRING
THE BITCH TO
HEEL?

YOU CAN'T; I
MEAN, I'M SORRY,
SHE CHOOSES...
PERHAPS ONE OF
THE OTHER GIRLS...



I SAID "NOW?"

SHE HAS A
DAUGHTER; BACK &
DOWN THE STREET...



RHIANNON,
THE BOSEY
MAN'S COMING
TO GET YOU!



HAHAHAHA

GOTCHA!



KNOCK
KNOCK









A PARK IN HACKENSACK.



LOOK AT
HER HAND!



EITHER SHE WAS
A PART OF SHARON
STONE AND BASIC
INSTINCT OR
SHE DIDN'T LIKE
NIGHTREED!



THANKS,
KINSKI.

HOW DID YOU
KNOW SHE'D TRY
SOMETHING?

SHE
REMINDED ME
OF SOMEONE--
KATHLEEN.



IT WAS FOR HER I PURCHASED
THE PHAL OF ST. VICTOR'S
DISSOLUTION-- A CURE FOR
THE PSYCHOSIS OF APPEARANCE.



REMEMBER, M. KINSKI,
CONCENTRATE ONLY ON YOUR
EVENTUAL BEAUTY DURING
THE TRANSFORMING FUGUE
STATE.

THANKS,
ANTON.



"THE STREETS OF
PARIS WERE WET."

"I SAW THE CALM
LOVE OF THE
MOON AND WAS
BEDAZZLED."

NO.



"I FOUND KATHLEEN ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS-- WITH ANTON. MY MONEY HAD PAID FOR TWO PHASES OF THE DISSOLUTION."

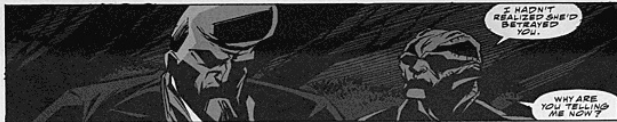


"ANTON'S DRINKING OF IT HAD PRODUCED MORE PLEASING RESULTS--AS KATHLEEN HAD PLANNED ALL ALONG."



"I HADN'T REALIZED SHE'D BETRAYED YOU."

"WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME NOW?"



"BECAUSE THE ADVENTURE'S NEARLY OVER..."



"GABAL HAS CALLED US ON THE WIND AND THE BREEZES SPEAK OF A NEW HOME."







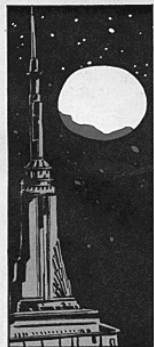
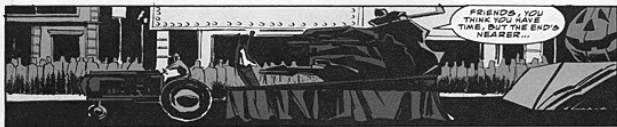


PELOQUIN, WE MUST FIND CABAL. CAN YOU CATCH HIS SCENT...? PELOQUIN!

NOT NOW!



I SMELL MEAT FOR THE BEAST!





"THE FIRST BEAST WAS LIKE A LION, AND THE SECOND LIKE A CAT... AND THE FOUR BEASTS HAD EACH OF THEM SIX WINGS..."

OBSERVATION PLATFORM--
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

THE BOYS ARE DOING A GOOD JOB, WICKNEVEY-- SEE THOSE NATURALS PANIC!





SO THIS IS
CABAL'S IDEA
OF GOING TO
HELL.

WE'RE GOING
FURTHER UNDER-
GROUND. THERE
ARE TUNNELS...
BUT...



CABAL TOLD ME NOT
TO BRING YOU HERE,
LORI. HE WANTS YOU
TO WAIT OUTSIDE THE
CITY TILL HE COMES
FOR YOU.



WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?

LET ME
GUESS:
IT'S PART
OF CABAL'S
PLAN.



I DON'T SUPPOSE
ANY OF US KNOWS
WHAT CABAL'S PLAN
IS--DO WE?

THOUGHT
NOT.



BUT, KINSKI;
LORI MIGHT BE
IN DANGER
HERE.

THEN
WE'LL
PROTECT
HER.



HERE IS THE
NEW MIDIAN!
HERE WE WILL
BUILD OUR...

CABAL!











I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



HE SAW THIS IN HIS
DREAMS. HE REALIZED
ONLY SHUNA BASSI
COULD KILL ISMAEL...

... HE HAD TO
DISTRACT HIM FOR
SHUNA BASSI TO GET
IN CLOSE TO...



THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T WANT
YOU NEAR HIM. HE KNEW HE
WAS GOING TO LEAVE YOU
ALONE. I GUESS HE FELT
GUILTY.

YOU'RE
GOLD—
WEAR
THIS.



THE SAVIOR
CABAL IS
DEAD, HIS
SPIRIT IS
NOW AMONGST
THE THUNDER.





REST NOW, CABAL. YOUR
WORK AS SAVIOR BEGINS
ANEW. WE ARE NOT ALL
GATHERED, AND THIS
REFUGE MUST BE
MADE SAFE.

REST NOW, A
BRIGHT DAY
APPROACHES
AND WE ARE
FOR THE DARK.

EPILOGUE.



HI, MR. MARYANT.
LOOKING FOR A
STORY TO SELL TO
THE PAPERS?

WHERE
ARE THE
OTHERS?

SAFE.



THEY'LL FIND YOU, YOU KNOW. AFTER
TONIGHT, THEY WILL KILL YOU. BUT
I CAN STOP IT. LET ME GO TO THE
PAPERS...

... WITH THE
WHOLE STORY.
I'LL TELL YOUR
SIDE...



... UN... WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?

THEY WON'T
BELIEVE YOU,
STEVE. NOT
WHEN THEY FIND THE
DRUGS WE PUT IN NEW
YORK'S WATER SUPPLY.



BUT THE OTHER
REPORTS -- THE
OTHER INCIDENTS --

-- WON'T BE
REPEATED AND
WE'LL BE FEARED
OR FORGOTTEN.



BREEDING

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:

ground
BREEDING GROUND, c/o EPIC COMICS,
387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016

Hi, First of all I would like to thank you for answering my letter in #20. As far as the question of artists I would like to see, I would would very much like to see Mark Texeira and a team from the Punisher War Zone, Jason and Manley. It would be nice to see some color in your covers again! That's why I would highly recommend the return of the guy who did the cover for #8 (Steve Mattson!).

The way I see Nightbreed in the future is more like the Rouge Trooper from Z/F. What I mean is that it would be great if you could improve the quality of your covers without losing the quality of your inside artwork. Basically what it comes up to is that I, and I am sure that I'm not alone, would like to see you change the paper you use for your cover to the cardboard-like one.

Mike Kranc
#29 8763 Ash Grove CR
Burnaby, B.C. V5B 4B8
Canada

Actually, Mike, the cover for issue #8 was done by none other than Bret Blevins. As for a format change to bookshelf covers, we have no imminent plans yet but who knows what the future might hold. In the meantime we suggest you check out HELLRAISER which sports the durable style.

Dear Breeding Grounds,

Please, please, please, please print this letter, because I have a lot of important ideas here. First off I want to say that I love NIGHTBREED comics and that I have followed it from issue #7. I don't have issues #1-6 and I can't seem to find them anywhere.

Second, I have found for all the faithful fans an order form (hallelujah) for NIGHTBREED, on the last pages of Marvel's Infinity War. Look on the page with Thing. Third this is my second letter so I'm again asking how to get in touch with the big guy Mr. Barker.

Lastly, I would like to get in touch with

some other NIGHTBREED fans. There doesn't seem to be much here in El Paso.

Andy Aguilar
10717 George Archer
El Paso, TX 79935

Well, Andy, you can contact the modern master of horror by writing him c/o Clive Barker P.O. Box #691885, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

Dear Breeding Ground,

NIGHTBREED is number one on my list. The monsters are incredible. Their creator is incredible! Clive Barker is the Baphomet of mad scientists. The whole idea is great except for one thing. The story is running on without explaining major issues. Where was Guido all this time? I never even saw his departure. He was just cut out. Isn't Dagon and his little eyeball friend important to the story?

In issue #19, Peloquin said his mate was Mae. Where did she come from? And what about Patty (from Jihad)? You still haven't explained how Narcissus got his head after Decker chopped it off. Where did Gallows come from? I haven't seen Lude since Jihad. Instead of explaining all this, you stick in second rate issues. You guys could do better. NIGHTBREED does not deserve second rate.

Storme McBride
13119 Bender Dr.
Moreno Valley, CA 92553

You're right, Storme, NIGHTBREED does deserve our best. We know you'll agree that lately, we have given it our best. Also, Guido is back! Check him out on the previous pages!

Fellow Breeders,

In reference to NIGHTBREED #16 via the Breeding Ground, talk of NIGHTBREED T-shirts or posters set my mind racing for

ideas and my imagination on a rampage. I saw white shirts with red splats and cryptic words reading, "you're only meat, meat for the Breed" or something witty like that. I am in full favor of any and all merchandise that would include that NIGHTBREED and/or any of the other wonderful things that Mr. Barker has thought up.

As to the story that has continued to keep my enthusiasm since I saw NIGHTBREED the movie, KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK! I like the character expansion and the ongoing story plot that has me waiting for the next issue to hit the stand. You may say "thank you" but no, thank you.

James "Bear" Bowen
P.O. Box 7846
Santa Cruz, CA 95061

I'm afraid we won't be producing any merchandise any time soon, James. In fact, we won't even be producing a comic after this hot little issue you're currently holding. Sad to say, NIGHTBREED is moving on to the big Midian in the sky. We're pleased to have had a chance to make our mark on the last two issues of this title, and we'd like to extend our thanks to Nick Vince — who suddenly had to condense five issues into one (yeah, we admit that the newspaper approach is a poor substitute for five issues, but what would YOU do!), and to the totally hot new artists Derek Yaniger, Phil Hester, and Ande Parks. And a very special thanks (and stale chocolate chip cookies) goes to our pal Ted McKeever for two fabulous covers and his excellent talent scout abilities (he found our swell NIGHTBREED #25 team). And thanks also to Steve Buccellato — for nothing.

So now when you go to your local comic book store, there will be no NIGHTBREED. And we'll all be very sad, and will have to hold back our tears when we mark that empty slot between NEW WARRIORS and NOMAD. But never fear, our fave cannibalistic beasts will return in periodic Clive Barker specials. See ya then.



YOU GUYS SHOULD QUIT COMPLAINING. AT LEAST YOU GOT TED TO DRAW YOU ON THE COVERS OF THESE LAST TWO ISSUES. I JUST APPEAR IN THIS PANEL THAT WAS HACKED OUT BY SOME TED MCKEEVER WANNA-BE.

Manie
+ Kevin



*"The savior Cabal is dead. His spirit
is hid amongst the thunder."*